a let you are to be sure! I envy you your family
temperament — so rich. so fruity, so high blooded, &
fox hunting. Mrs H. ~~rigig~~ rigid as she is — she always looks to
me to move all in a hiss as Sir Thomas Browne said the
Elephants did — is inherently sympathetic as a discredited &
ageing woman. And what's happening to Elizabeth? What
farm? Anything better than Connaught Sq^re. I should imagine.
I return all letters instantly — what a woman of business a
Character — what a Soldiers daughter I'm becoming! Mrs Gordon
I don't understand, but credit her with good intentions. All
right; I'll harden my mind & see if it can embrace ~~your~~
the urgent necessity & rightness of your proceedings re
women in orchestras &c. Never was you were observed: all
I ever said was that I hate all forms of principle. What's the
Good of saying This is true, when nothing is true. & that some
wounds are wider than others & some shaken? No views are
true. This is dead, you'll see. to annoy a valiant woman
turning to a lobster in bed. Who gave you whiskers to match? —
those long pointed whiskers that the Cornish lobsters used to have, —
I to break off, in the kitchen, as a child? I hope so NYPL Six on
Each side of your nose, bright red, & very bristly like a Cavalry
officer's moustache. Thank God, Wagner has stopped
murmuring among the forest leaves, & I'm my own mistress
again; but dare not start another hare, in this finicky letter
hand (I'm writing with the only pen, a gold one, Nippers &
false & fickle as Edmund Gosse —) so must stop: though I've
millions of things to say — warmhearted, passionate things, things
that bubble & squeak, & bleed red blood. By the way, why do
you say & think I'm heartless? Why, Ethel, why? when I'm
only anxious to know how you are, & to —
There's no room to say what. V.

Rota 2. V. 43

52 Tavistock Sq^h. April 9th 1931

Well Ethel dear, I suppose I must fulfil my
duty as a General's daughter & go & find a big
envelope for your letter (Turvey, Bletch. E.:
letter, in a thick envelope was returned ?.)
What a bore it must be, really being a General's
Daughter, & always getting envelopes, catching trains,
answering letters & all the rest!
No particular news has accumulated (Nina I
wrote — on my knee, with a gold pen. It was a
divine day yesterday — O how happy we were! —
muddly sauntering down to the river, & protecting
Puka's chastity, now in bloom, from Bottle's
yellow cur. And then again, how happy I was to
finish Gone (provisionally) this morning — the
last of the lot: but unhappy to pack & come home &
find, among a welter of trash no letter from a
Lady that lies in bed at Bath. No the Dent: She
drives in a car to stay with friends. She drinks
Champagne with uttered guards officers. She sees the
Severn — what was your brilliant phrase — like a
mad King's white hair? — No — that mine.
And I have never seen the Severn. Do you really

like Vanessa much better than you like me ?. We
argue about it. She thinks it's in the cards, because
she thinks you & she have, what is called, 'much in common'
And I have not that faculty. Please write by return.
I'm glad you like Osbert's book: so do I. ah foliage &
no Jolberts. I'm alone tonight — hence this erratic style.
I'm rather used up in the brain — hence this style. Writing
articles is like ~~tight~~ tying one's brain up in neat
brown baker parcels. & to stay per instruction once more! —
& then I shall cry, O to tie parcels once more! — Such a
life — a see-saw — a pendulum. Ma ? Yet
interesting I'm as good as you any day. Three people have
rung up in 2 hours. I have made 2 engagements. If
I could linger out my days in the fields, sometimes
desiring through a country town & buying a pocket knife at
the ironmongers, my moods would flatten out — in one
long roll of calm. Should you like me, all calm ?. NYPL
On Thursday we go to France for 2 weeks, motoring.
& then here for what remains of the summer. And shall I see
you ? What shall you be doing ? writing music ?. Have you
lit on a theme ? What response have you had ? to that dear
article ? Is the house now finished ? Well this
this is only by way of good night — Last Post, I suppose they
call it in military circles, like yours. About yours.
Whiskers & your wig — do tell me. And — what the
Ending you so much like — lots — no tons of love. Well
then, tons of love. (I don't like your style
in ending — but can't be helped)
V.

Rita 2.4.63

You never said you were
going to Lyppiatt:
how could I know?

52 TS.

Wednesday
April
~~10th~~ 15th
1931

work Ethel Dean, no shaking frog could there be agony
devotion than first I showed attempt at the present moment to
write a letter I Copy out, with Complete accuracy, a list of addresses.
However it will be one of my days to go to the Post & send a packet from
you. I shall study your character with a Care & Grace that I have
never yet given it, over my bottle of wine after the days adventures.
Anything may result. You will be under the Scrutiny of an idle
traveller. removed from life — oh thank God, removed from life.
I am putting in a frigid air, having walls distempered, rending
mattress to be re-made, cleaning Coven, inviting Electricians —
I — who am a soldier dazzled only with the effort of an
elephant blowing soap bubbles. The article swarm round me.
My head is a hive of words that wont settle. I scratch, Correct.
Enrage, & idolise Edelan to a demanding Ogre alone, Browning
unfaintly. Of course, as you know. That money far above friendship,
& shall dispatch this all by tomorrow. Then I have to buy
shoes, & my shop suddenly declares the human foot has broadened, &
no longer makes my fitting. why as it broadened? An open air life
they say. I have also been listening to two love lorn young men:
they Catherwood, such an egotism that, if were a feminist, would
throw great light on the history of the Sex — such Complete
Self absorption: such Esthetic belief that a woman has nothing to do
but listen. The Shewing — the one vile man I have ever known — has
written a book about D H Lawrence, making out that he is
Judas & Moses Lawrence, Christ. What do you think?
You who have known the characters in question?

From Prison epoch
to
French Tour

Dame Ethel Smyth

Lansdowne Grove Hotel

Bath

April 15th (just off to France)

there I say are some of the little bullets that ring my hide at the moment & make me think of a table below an Inn at La Rochelle where all the boats have green & purple tails as a heaven scarcely to be reached. It's cold though: & our car broke down twice going to Kew. O but think of new life, & French forum, & rolls, & review, & the sea, & buying old books & flowers, & wandering out with L. to see a church, & buy a glass of wine — & then we're going to visit Montaigne's house, for which I have a veneration. I will try to collect myself & write a sincere amorous line from some Inn.

Meanwhile, please don't let yourself become to the incubus of Burke Calhoun & Cruising weedden. What can Mary Hunter mean? Those bobbing spirits who defy life & always float in triumph over the wonder of my days. Had a feat and one — but enough — There's Gone for to catch the boat: & I've written the last sentence I daresay 10 times & can't get the hang of it. One more shot, & so good bye Ethel dear, & do write fully frankly freely: for I shall be so pleased to see the thick white envelope among the W's in the wove cage.

[illegible]

No. I can't 'do' the Ladies. They're done themselves too perfectly for anything to be written. That does happen: besides, never so long as I live do I write another article.

NYPL

Rota 2.4.69

And what address
will find you?

NYPL

10.30

V1.25 1st

6.45 pm

Aug 1st

Lunch

Before 8

Arrive

3.15 pm

Rota 2.4.13

Rome 2.4.63

10.30

1.25 pm

6.45 pm Land 5.

Airport before 8

3 Airport

3½ Cra

And what address will find you?

NYPL

HÔTEL DE [illegible]
ET D'ANGLETERRE

Henri Lacoste

LA ROCHELLE

TÉLÉPHONE 20.24

LA ROCHELLE
16 30
20 · IV
1931
CHARENTE-INFRE

LA ROC
SON VIEUX PORT
SES MONUMENTS

Dame Ethel Smyth
Lansdown Grove Hotel
Bath.

Angleterre. 20th April
1931

Hotel de France et
d'Angleterre.

Monday
20th April 1891. La Rochelle.

Well Ethel dear. I will sit down about a attempt to write, though Heaven knows it's hard enough: before going out to see the town. O for a little warmth & colour! Bitter cold & rain; with a few hours of dazzling sun: then a grey cover over the sky again. This is our only plaint — & that) didn't bring a fur coat. Otherwise all has been very successful: 2 punctures, one mended in Chalkstown: a shelf by scraping a hole in the road. Here we are, arrived last night. Late. It looks like Bologna — arches) mean: roofs made of red stone tiles; a lilac in full flower; roman remains in the garden below the window. A very nice hotel. The town shewing: a trouble de servant in black: the hint of magnolias in the air: the South beginning to warm & tumble: I mean one can imagine heat — everything made to heat: but still all grey as a goose's back. Stone duffy even in the rain down road after road; all with their arcades: old women sitting

This is the letter on which I wrote to my Cousin Wordsworth. In the margin I note that I'm on the wharf at Rochelle & E.S.

p. 241.

This is the paper on which I take notes
for my critical works. In the margin I note
p. 241. there I note that I'm on the whole
attached to E.S.

Hotel du Faisan et
de l'Europe.
Amsterdam.
Monday
20th August 1894.

Dear Ellen,

I am sitting down about
to write a letter to you
although I know that
I shall be back in
London before you receive
this letter and I
have only a few hours
to spend in Amsterdam;
but I cannot go
away from the
Hotel without
saying a few words
to you. Amsterdam
is a fine city:
I am very pleased
that I have come
here once more
and intended to
spend a whole
day sightseeing
and, indeed,
particularly
Rembrandt: a
Rembrandt
exhibition: a
picture in
the Royal
Gallery. It
is worth this
journey. Last
night I went
to the Opera;
the house is
a large one
and holds
about 2000
persons; the
stalls are
divided into
two parts,
the front
part, which
is the more
expensive,
having
chairs
instead of
benches.
The Opera
was
Lohengrin
by Wagner
and was
very well
performed
and
mounted.
The
orchestra
was
excellent
and the
singers
were
fairly
good.
The
theatre
was
crowded
and
there
was a
very
large
audience
which
showed
its
appreciation
of the
performance
by
frequent
applause
and
recalls.

Send what an Alsatia hand!
The Jorne sold
[illegible] Artist.

under umbrella's mending two sheep. And we saw the Plantagenet tombs at Fontevrault Saturday, lying red & blue in a Gothick scraped abbey – like tombs like the Sitwells. But magnificent work. I'm reading Lawrence, Tom & Lovers, for the first time. & so ponder your question about contemporaries. Macaulay, that bald naked blood dripping vulture, kept me off Lawrence with his obscene abjurgations. Now I realise with regret that a man of genius wrote in my time, & I never read him. Yes, he genius observed & distorted I think: the fact about contemporaries (& walk hand to mouth) is that they're doing the same thing on another railway line: NYPL one resents them di~~sastrously.~~ I distractedly am. playing hard, the wrong way – something like that: from friendship, hardly, one keeps one's eye across own road. Stella Benson) Dan read because what) did read seemed to me all perverse – Saccharine with sentimentality: brittle with the kind of wit that means sentimental cut ~~disastrously~~ freezing. But I'll try again: I'll think about Jealousy. It's true that distance matures judgment. Later my Jorne want be at for some weeks – has to address in America. I think of Vernon on the Fatherly Browning in July. Your letters just been brought in by L. I'm hastened hastily – not yet read. No, I know for the letter about Lytton. O the sun at last! I shall read the 3 letters carefully at lunch – fulped them down – you're all right I hope – O the sea! the red flowers hot shiney – the lilac – so we go out, & I shall host this. Aren't I a wilden daughter.

Please write fully to Bracton V.

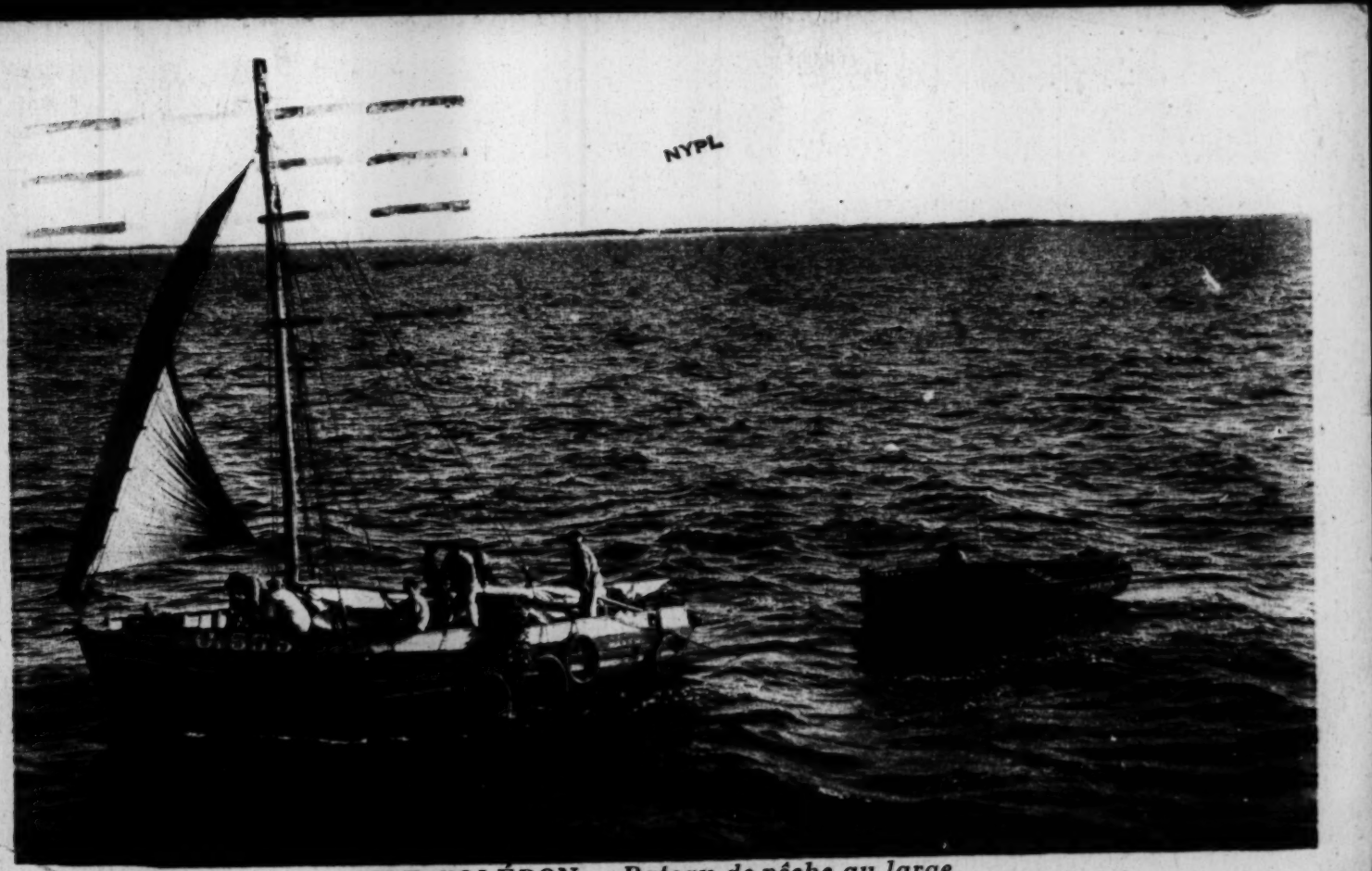
Rota 2.V.63

under umbrellas mending two sheep. And we saw the Plantagenet tombs at Fontevrault yesterday, lying red & blue in a subterranean scrubbed abbey – the tombs like the Setwells. But maybe you've both seen them. I'm reading Lawrence, Jane & Lovers, for the first time: & so ponder your question about contemporaries: Mercury, that bald naked blood dripping vulture, left me off Lawrence with his obscene observation. Now I realise with regret that a man of genius wrote in my time & I never read him: bye, but Jane is obscured & distorted I think: the fact about contemporaries (I wish I had to mount) is that they're doing the same thing on another railway line: NYPL one resents their direction. I distractedly am playing part, the wrong way – something like that: from friendly, hardly, one keeps one's eye on one's own road. Stella Benson I don't need because what I did read seemed to me all perverse – Saccharine with sentimentality: Virtue with the kind of wit that means sentimentality freezing: But I'll try again: I'll think about Jealousy. It's true that death makes judgment easier: My Jane won't be at for some weeks – has to address in America – I think of coming out in the Fortnightly Browning in July. Your letters just been brought in by L: I've watched hastily – not yet read. No, I know for the letter about Lytton. O the sun at last! I shall read the 3 letters carefully at lunch – pulped them down – you're all right I hope – O the sea! the red flower pots shining – the lilac – so we go out, & I shall post this: aren't I a wilful daughter:

Please write fully to Brantôme V.

Rota 2.4.63

Send what an Aleppo hand!
The Jones Road has shrunk.
Artist.


NYPL

6 *ILE d'OLÉRON - Bateau de pêche au large*

Sp 21. 1931

CARTE POSTALE

CORRESPONDANCE

LA ROCHELLE
22 · IV
1931
CHARENTE-INF.

LA ROCHELLE
ADRE
SON VIEUX PORT
SES MONUMENTS

Tuesday

Marennes.

Leonard has been Catching oysters here, just off the sea. Sun at last. Cold. Go to Brantome day after tomorrow. A lovely marsh land. No accents. Lunch off plate a cheese in the marsh. Old walls, low women all lovely & solitary. V.

Dame Ethel Smyth

Coign
Woking
Surrey
Angleterre

J. NOZAIS, ÉDIT. 18, AVENUE DU CO. EAU - PARIS

Rota 2.4.63

NYPL

3901. CASTILLON (Gironde) — Le Théâtre et les Quais

Chantillon :: 22nd April 1931
Wednesday.

Just dined off eggs, artichokes & wine — slightly tipsy. Tomorrow we go to Les Mantaches Tower, & how nice to have tea from Wolking. With love from Braxton

V.

Dame Ethel Smyth
Coign
Woking
Surrey
Angleterre.

Ets Rivière Bureau, Pons (Ch.-Inf.)

RETA 2.4.63

From a French article Le Style de V. Woolf dans Mrs Dalloway.

La ponctuation ne lui est pas, comme a la plupart des e crivains, un moyen d'éviter d'essoufler son lecteur, elle ne lui est jamias unmoyen de faire passer un laideur, une gaucherie, elle lui est moins encore un artifice pour parer à une faiblesse de pensée ou d'impression, elle n'est jamais un signe négatif, elle est un signe positif, et les signes de ponctuation sont a la phrase de V. Woolf ce que les gestes sont à la parole, ils la precisent, l'enrichissent.

So there.